

## For the Children

### A SURPRISE.

When cook went out to market,  
What do you think she found?  
Not lemons by the dozen,  
Nor sugar by the pound!

I think she bought some groceries,  
But, oh, that wasn't all!  
She brought home something just for me  
Tucked underneath her shawl.

She called me to the kitchen,  
And made me guess and guess,  
And then I heard a little "meow"  
Somewhere in cook's gray dress!

And so cook brought the basket out  
And set it on a chair,  
With two wee kittens in it,  
The dearest little pair.

And one is striped black-and-white,  
And one is black as jet,  
And both to be my very own,  
To play with and to pet!

—Hannah G. Fernald.

### HOW FLAX SAVED THE BABY.

Flax was a brown dog that belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Wales. He was no beauty, but one look into his honest eyes showed that he would be a good friend. Mr. and Mrs. Wales lived on a ranch in Colorado where the neighbors were few; and they kept this dog as a playfellow for their two children.

At the time of which I am going to tell you, Mr. and Mrs. Wales were rebuilding their house. The porch had been taken away, and there was no way to get out of the front door, as it was three or four feet straight down to the ground. One day the lumber gave out, so the carpenters could not work. Mr. Wales had driven to town, ten miles away, and Mrs. Wales was left alone with the children.

"Flax, you look after Helen if Clyde forgets to watch her," she said, as she opened the front door to let in the fresh spring air. Then she went out to look after her chickens.

"I won't forget," called Clyde. "There's no way she could hurt herself in this room, anyway."

He began to draw wonderful things on his slate, and forgot everything else. Helen was playing with her blocks, and he went into the other room to make a picture of the barn.

Mrs. Wales had just taken a mother with twenty little chickens from the nest into a nice clean coop, when she heard a noise in the house. She listened, but could not tell what it was. The next minute she heard the same sound, and realized that it was Flax growling. She hurried to the house; and, when she entered the front room, she saw Flax leaning half out of the door holding Baby Helen by the dress. She knew, then, that she had forgotten to hook the screen. The baby had pushed the door open, and would have fallen to the ground if it had not been for Flax. He

was wise enough to know, if he barked, he would drop the baby, so he growled louder and louder until help came.

"Mother," said Clyde, whose face was pale from fright, "I forgot about sister, but I never will again. I'm going to remember as well as Flax does."

"And I will, too, for I forgot to hook the screen. We must always be kind and good to Flax, for he saved our baby."—Sunday School Times.

### HOW GOOD IT TASTED.

"I touched the goal first!" cried Carrie, throwing herself on the grass and fanning herself with her hat. The rest came running up one by one, all of them just as hot and tired as Carrie.

"I wish I had a drink," said Clare.

"So do I," said Rob.

"I think I saw a drinking fountain down at the end of this path," said mamma. "Suppose we all go and look for it?"

In a few minutes the children were drinking to their heart's content, giving the first drink to Bennie and Baby May.

"Isn't it good!" said Carrie. "It just seemed as if I couldn't wait another minute, my throat was all so dried up, and now I am ready to play again."

"Yes, indeed, water is one of our best friends," said mamma. "What should we do without it?"

"We'd have to drink lemonade," said Clare.

"But how could we make lemonade without water?" asked Bob, laughing.

"Well, then we could drink milk," said Clare.

"But cows would not give milk very long if they did not have nice fresh water to drink," said mamma.

"And grass would dry up so they wouldn't have anything to eat," Rob said very wisely.

Mamma smiled. "Yes, that is true, Rob. Everything would dry up pretty soon without the rain and the dew which God sends so lovingly. One year when I was a girl we lived in Iowa, and we were in a part of the country where there was never very much water, and that year especially the wells and cisterns became dry all around us. We had to get all our water from a river five miles away, and it was brought in barrels, so you can see it did not taste very fresh when we got it. And then we had to be careful to use as little as we could for cooking and housekeeping and everything. How glad we were when the rains came!"

"I'm glad we have plenty of water right at home," said Carrie, and all the children thought the same.—Apples of Gold.

### POOR LITTLE EFFIE.

"Mamma, what do you think? There is a little girl in our school who never had a doll in her life! She has a rag doll, but not a real one. I feel so sorry for her."

"Do you want to give her one of your dolls, dear?" asked her mamma.

"Why, no, I hadn't thought of that, mamma, but I feel sorry for her. She lives way down by the river in a little bit of a house, and I guess her folks are awful poor."

"Perhaps you had better divide your playthings